



The first will be whether or not this city is equal to the strain of eight or ten consecutive weeks of theatricals at the high priced grade. Commencing Monday night with the Boston Lyric Opera company the Salt Lake theater will be open for something like fifty



COLLAMARINI, AS CARMEN.

performances without a break, in fact, up till the April conference, there is scarcely a night when the house will be closed. This congestion of attractions is due to an unusual rush westward of traveling companies, and to the fact that Mr. Pyper took a number of Mr. Mulvey's bookings off his hands. Mr. Pyper thinks he is in for a prosperous season; that while some of the latter attractions may suffer, the big ones—and there are a number of them—will more than make up for the decrease.

Problem number two is, can the Grand stand up under such a flood of counter attractions? Hitherto, much of the success of the popular priced shows has been due to the fact that there were occasional long stretches when the theater remained closed, and these were the sunny occasions on which Mr. Mulvey made hay. Now, the presence of the Cummings Stock company, of course, sends the Grand's line of attractions, or the best of them, to the theater, and added to that, the regular bookings, largely decrease the number of its closed nights, and largely augments the opposition which the Cummings company will have to contend. It will be a real fight, without doubt, and the result is full of uncertainty. The present week has shown indications that the town was undertaking a rather big amusement diet than it was able to maintain. Both places have been very busy, and for Wednesday and Saturday matinees. While "The Gratitude" was drawing heavily at the Grand, at the "Jed Prouty" performance at the theater the attendance was not so heavy, and it picked up somewhat at the other house, but it was below the point where there was any profit.

The situation is full of interest for the uninitiated and the public, which has been watching the winter entertainment, will watch developments with unusual curiosity and concern.

On Monday evening the people of Salt Lake will have an opportunity to see for themselves the artistic performance of the artist, who has been with Russia, the tenor, the baritone, the baritone, comes to the theater as the principal artist of the Boston Lyric Opera Co., for an engagement of one week, four nights and one matinee, comic opera will be the main feature in the principal part of the remaining three, including the matinee, comic opera will be the main feature.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights have been selected for performances of grand opera, and the opportunity for the artist to show himself as a Salt Lake favorite, provided she fulfills the duties made for her by her management. It has been said, that in the past she has been well received here. As for her two principal supporting artists, Russo is sufficiently known to a tenor to warrant the prediction that he will do all that is expected of him, and do it well. He is not only a well known in the past, but also comes with a reputation for his singing recital and lecture in Preston tonight.

Mr. Pyper, who has charge of the business end of the testimonial to Mr. Ridge, the builder of the Tabernacle organ, reserves that orders for tickets continue to roll in at a gratifying rate.

The concert will probably occur on Feb. 15.

The new Puccini opera house was opened by the Boston Lyric Opera company last night. The house is a very handsome and complete one, and the performance, judging from the reports, was a great success both financially and artistically. The "Idol's Eye" was the bill.

Sembrich and her opera company are raising an extraordinary furor in New England. The full organization strikes for the west next month and reaches Salt Lake in March. The Tabernacle choir, 400 strong, is holding several rehearsals a week, and the company, in conjunction with the Sembrich company here.

M. Paderewski, the king of pianists, tells how he keeps his hands supple: "The night before I play I turn my hands over to my valet, and he rubs my fingers until they tingle," declares M. Paderewski. "Then he takes one finger after the other and turns and twists it in the palm of his hand, always turning the one way. This makes the fingers supple and keeps the knuckles in good working order. Last, he rubs the palm of each hand very hard, as hard as I can stand it. Just before I go to the platform to play I have a basin of hot water brought to my dressing room. In this I immerse my hands. Hot? I should say so! Just about as hot as it is possible for a man to stand it."

The retirement of Mr. Lloyd, says the London Truth, promises to have one remarkable effect upon the course of music in this country. Composers and the public hardly at present realize the fact that we have no tenor to take his place. Most of the oratorios and cantatas, which, during the past twenty years, have been produced at our musical festivals and elsewhere, have as their tenor part written especially in view of Mr. Lloyd's phenomenally high voice, which is of a quite as

much as tenor quality. Very few surviving tenors will even try to sing such music.

This of itself would seem to justify a lowering of the pitch, a movement which, during the past year or so, has been checked, but will probably now go forward more merly than ever. As to the festival composers in the future, it will not be surprising if they shirk chief tenor parts. We have no pianos and no contraltos and baritones, who, now that Mr. Lloyd has departed, is beyond question our best British tenor, to William Green and other young singers, the place of the great tenor remains unfilled. A special tenor part in a new oratorio or cantata, happily, is not essential. But this is really the first time since music took its rightful place in popular life in this country that we have been so badly off for the rarest and most beautiful of voices.

Incedon was the great English tenor in the early part of the present century. We still, of course, have many tenor singers; but the long line of great voices seems temporarily to be broken.

#### THE BLOSSOMING OF ITALY'S NEW QUEEN.

Italy's new queen is showing herself bright, graceful, witty and perfectly self-possessed. The reserve which she displayed as princess of Naples was probably the effect of a desire not to assume a position of undue prominence, nor to appear anything more than the devoted daughter-in-law of the brilliant Queen Margherita. Now that fate has made it a duty for the young Montenegro princess to display to the full her queenly qualities, all occasion for reserve has disappeared and the foreign diplomatic corps in particular is enthusiastic over the disappearance of all her former shyness and reserve, which many mistook for hauteur.—Washington Post.



LAURA NELSON HALL, In Her Role of "Wee Sing."

#### LAURA NELSON HALL'S BUSY LIFE

"Would Miss Hall see a representative of the 'News'?" was the inquiry written upon a card and sent behind the scenes to the leading lady of the Grand, one night during the run of "Peacemaker Valley."

A gracious assent being returned, the "News" writer picked his way through the narrow passage that leads to the stage door and pushing it open, found himself in that fairy realm known as "behind the scenes."

On that part of the stage which the public never sees, order and disorder blend harmoniously. Men are at work everywhere. Carpenter's tools litter the floor, boys pass with buckets of paint on their way to the bridge where the scene painters are at work; there are bunch lights and stage braces and calciums everywhere, long lines of wires run in every direction; properties are lying in seemingly hopeless disorder; a piece of pie and a carpet bag (consisting most happily together) stage hands are everywhere; players stand awaiting their cues; boys are putting down linen cloths to protect the women's dresses from the dust of the stage; at each entrance a boy stands ready to hand a chair to any lady leaving the stage, an absolute rule of Mr. Cummings, who insists that everything possible be done for the comfort of the ladies of his company. One wonders vaguely why there is such quiet.

On the stage Virgie Rand is heard laughing. She makes her speech, then her exit and Miss Laura Nelson Hall takes her place. As she leaves the view of the audience the light, almost instant manner of the part she is playing, drops from her like a garment, and she comes forward with a gentle dignity, thoroughly charming. Miss Hall's most characteristic attributes are graciousness and dignity. Her manners are simple and gentle. She speaks slowly with a light lingering intonation on the vowel sounds. She is animated without being vociferous. She makes few gestures.

A smiling greeting, a cordial handshake, an invitation to a seat in the wings so that she may keep an eye and an ear on the stage, while she talks, and Miss Hall is ready for the interviewing process.

"I have come to interview you," announces the writer with some trepidation.

"Oh, do you remember Mark Twain's interview?" asks Miss Hall with a laugh; "whenever I talk to newspaper men, that ridiculous thing keeps ringing in my ears. Don't let's interview," she adds pleadingly, "let's just talk."

"I want to tell you first how much I like Salt Lake. I know that is the proper thing to say, but I really mean it. I am going to be very happy here. The climate agrees with me wonderfully. I was never so well in my life."

"What do you find time to study?"

"I have to make time. I usually study until about three o'clock in the morning. There," added Miss Hall triumphantly, "you have my life of elegant leisure."

"Very much." Most women would have said, "I love it." That difference in phraseology epitomizes one of Miss Hall's charms. She does not exaggerate. It is difficult to express in words. She is not like any other woman. Without losing the charm of femininity she is as direct in her manner as a man. She uses her brain manfully.

"Don't you find a new part each week hard to study?"

"I have three parts always on hand. The part I am playing, the part I am rehearsing and the part I am to rehearse next. It is a little confusing at times."

"What is your favorite role?"

"We Sing, a one act Chinese play called 'Little Shun Loy.' The part is very attractive and very trying. I spent four weeks on it before I dared make my appearance. I let my finger nails grow all that time so that they would be long enough, and they were colored just as Chinese maidens color theirs. My costume was one that was made for the daughter of the mayor of the Chinese colony in New York. I should like very much to play it here should the opportunity offer itself."

Miss Hall is what is called a quick study. She did not mention the fact, perhaps it slipped her mind, that she played the part of Julie de Varion in "An Enemy to the King," in New York at an hour's notice and without a rehearsal, and received no end of praise for her work.

"Have you been long on the stage?"

"A little over three years. I made my first appearance at the Girard Avenue theater in Philadelphia."

"As leading woman?"

"Yes, as leading woman—of a crowd of supernumeraries. I was paid the enormous salary of \$4 a week. It was then that I was working for my art. I played there all that season. After six weeks I was given all the ingenue parts. Then I appeared as Mabel in the original production of 'The Mother and the Flame.' Then I went to Mr. Daly's. I remained with him until his death. Then, after a few engagements of minor importance, I went to the

Criterion Stock company in Buffalo as leading woman, and—well here I am."

"It does not take long to tell, does it? I think I will say nothing of the disappointment and the worries that have come in those years, or the hard work. I am going to forget all that and enjoy the little success that has come to me. I am working very hard and studying very hard and one of these days I hope to make a name for myself."

Just then Miss Hall was called to the stage. With a hurried good-bye she rushed away.

Miss Hall neglected to mention the fact that she is a writer of considerable note. She has had short stories and verses in nearly all of the eastern magazines. She is a swimmer and plays golf and tennis. She speaks French, German and Italian and what is more wonderful still, English in all its purity. A clever sample of her verses follows:

#### PRETENDING.

I. I still have a tedious hour, before at my club I am due. And if you don't mind—for a change dear—I'll spend it in talking to you. Come over in this cool, dark corner, where no gleam of light finds its way, And we'll sit very close, here together, and "pretend" as the children say.

II. Let's pretend—are you sure you're quite cozy? There, now I'll not rumple your gown! Let's pretend that we go back together, to ten years ago; please don't frown! When we dreamed of the days that would be coming, of the days that would hold you and me. When the whole outside world we would banish, and from its hard fetters be free.

III. When we'd have a dear little cottage, with just seven rooms—Oh no more, And you would stand waiting each evening, and watching for me at the door. While all day long, down in the city, the smile on your loving young face Would come between me and my work, dear, and do much to hasten my pace.

IV. Let's pretend that once more we go roaming, as we did in our honeymoon hours. Hand in hand like two happy children, who gather the earth's fairest flowers. Let's pretend that we still are together, forgetting the world—and forget. That the place where we two were alone dear, was always the earth's fairest spot.

V. Let's pretend that our hearts still beat quicker, at the meeting and touch of the hand.



LAURA NELSON HALL, From a Recent Photograph.

That we needed no powers of rhetoric, but a glance made us each understand.

Let's pretend that as we grew richer, more blest with the goods of the world.

That we still found each other sufficient, and love's banner never was furled.

VI. Let's pretend that society lost us, that we cared nothing for her set laws. That to sit, just like this, in the darkness was sweeter than all the applause.

That you hear in the admiring whispers, as proudly you enter the room, And you know that you make a sensation, that your beauty is just in full bloom.

VII. Let's pretend that I'd rather be sitting right here with my arm round your waist. Forgetting the club, and the dinner, and the hurry and crush and the haste Of the world that is waiting out yonder to engulf me as soon as I will. Drift out from these soft restful shadows, to the life there—that never is still.

VIII. Let's pretend that we could be together as we were in the days long ago. That the coming could bring the old light to your eyes in the old way I used to love so.

That you never, never could bore me—no matter how often alone, That the sweetest strain in the whole wide world was the sound of your voice and tone.

IX. Let's pretend that your beauty, not colder, but softer and sweeter became. That over our lives hung a halo of love, too deep and too sweet to be named—

That the tips of your fingers could thrill me as my kiss on your lips used to do. And that life was a thing always lovely, because our ideals had been true.

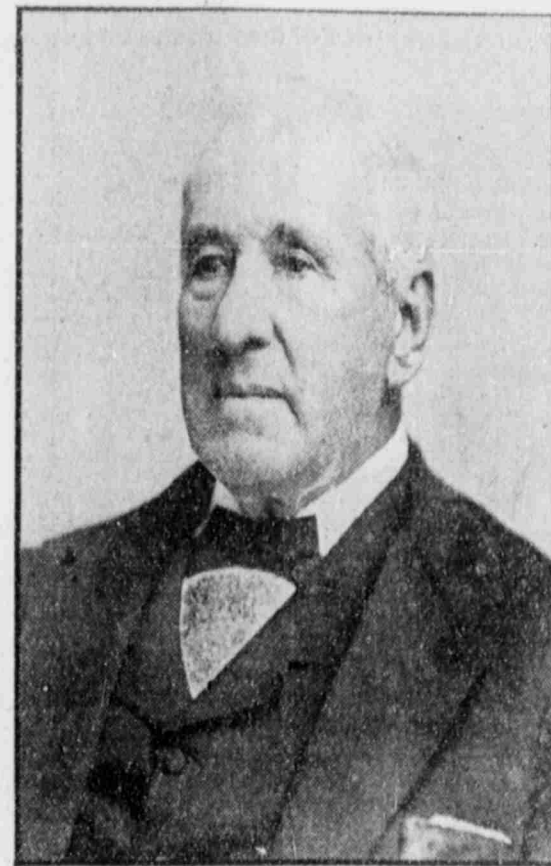
X. But it's gone, and we cannot reclaim it, it's gone with the happier day. And I'm afraid there is no use pretending, that is, as the children say, For you, now, are due at the Opera, and I have been wasting your time.

But the music you'll hear here tonight, dear, will sound like an empty rhyme.

#### XI.

Compared to that sweeter music that was part of our life and love, Before I began pretending and you with the throngs to move, In the great, heartless world outside there, in the midst of the glare and light—

#### OLD SALT LAKERS.



JACOB WEILER.

Everyone well remembers the venerable Pioneer and Patriarch, Jacob Weiler, who, for nearly forty years, presided over the Third ward of this city. He was called to the office of Bishop in 1856, and during all the years in which he officiated, he was looked up to and loved by the people over whom he presided, as a veritable father. He was one of the original band of Pioneers, having entered the Great Salt Lake Valley in July, 1847, and having been a member of the fourth ten of the Pioneer band. His life was absolutely given up to the Church, whose doctrines he embraced, and among its defenders, no one was more stalwart and vigorous than he. Bishop Weiler was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in March, 1805, and died in this city on March 24, 1896; he was consequently 88 years of age at the time of his death.

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